Alive 2

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7247665.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	DrunkenKissesChallenge, Alcohol, poor Hannibal has feelings, he doesn't deal well with them, Drunk Hannibal, he just wants Will to love him, Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, this has more feelings than I planned, Sad cannibal noises, Happy Ending, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Hannibal Cre-Ate-Ive Challenges
Collections:	#DrunkenKissesChallenge
Stats:	Published: 2016-06-19 Words: 1,348 Chapters: 1/1

Alive 2

by DrJLecter

Summary

Hannibal doesn't know how to deal with Will being happy without him. Will just thinks he's stupid.

Notes

So I didn't plan on writing this (as I didn't plan on writing drunk!Will either, but oh well). Curse you Hannibal Cre-Ate-Ive. For real. (I love you all so much). Damnit. XD

This time I didn't manage to keep it under 1k because sad Hannibal has deep thinky thoughts.

(not betaed)

Now translated into Russian by the lovely Itami67

Hannibal wandered aimlessly through the house, wine glass gripped tightly.

He was… discontent. Not overly so, he never could be with Will in his life and how things have turned out after everything, but it was noticeable.

For the last few months they'd taken residence in a small coastal town in Norway, the rough and mostly untouched nature a perfect surrounding to heal and find a new rhythm to their life and relationship.

He took a sip.

Unfortunately the moment Will decided he was well enough, nothing had kept him in the house anymore. He was out fishing, hiking, running and whatever else the surroundings offered him daily from morning to evening. He came back in time for dinner just to fall into bed right after.

After the glass was finished he wandered to the den for a refill and realized the bottle was empty.

Hannibal had watched Will return to his old strength in no time, his skin tanned, his body muscled and lean. Will was happy. He smiled more than ever before, downright glowing with how carefree and full of life he was.

He went to the cellar to get a new bottle.

Unfortunately his time with Will was limited to breakfast and dinner and sometimes not even that. They slept in separate bedrooms and even though their conversations were easy going and without tension they were rare.

Hannibal opened the bottle and poured himself a generous amount.

He loved watching Will being happy, but it was so unbelievable frustrating to not be part of it. He was still recuperating, but he felt as if he was an invalid entirely separated from Will's new life.

He swallowed half the contents of his glass in one deep breath.

He only went off the heavy painkillers a few days ago and he was entirely aware of how unwise it was to drink so much alcohol. Alcohol always made him quite self aware. He was always self aware of course, but alcohol brought up things he usually didn't see as important.

Like the fact that he couldn't deny a certain OCD tendency as he aligned all books in their book shelves to the precise same position, or all the pens on his desk. He stopped when he found himself reaching for the apples in the bowl to sort them by color and chided himself as he took another swallow.

His touch starvation was another factor that made the current situation harder than it should be. He'd been surprised to find he wasn't above such an entirely human thing, but three years

without any kind of touch besides clinical examinations seemed to have an effect even on him.

He'd never expected Will to be more freely with touches now that they were alone, but he couldn't deny a certain hope. Unfortunately Will's Asperger resulted in him being less aware of the issue than someone else would be, especially now that he seemed to have stopped reading him with his empathy. He wasn't a killer on the run anymore.

The wine glass almost slipped through numbing fingers.

Hannibal stared down at the glass with a frown.

With a sigh, he stepped out onto their porch and looked over the sunny fjord. He wondered where Will was now and what he was doing.

Entering the house again was slightly more difficult than expected as it seemed to have moved place and he almost ran into the doorframe.

Heavy steps on gravel made him turn around again. Will walked up their short drive way, a spring in his steps and a smile on his face. He was earlier than usual, the sun still high in the sky and Hannibal wondered if he should have started preparing dinner already. His though process was slow and the pang of regret at drinking so much manifested as a bitter taste in his mouth.

Will wasn't supposed to be home so early and see him like this.

"Hey!" He jumped up to the porch, glancing at the empty glass in his hand.

"Will. You're early." He was glad he didn't slur the words, but his tongue felt heavy in his mouth.

"Yeah, they didn't bite today."

He stopped a step away from him and tilted his head in thought.

"Are you okay?"

"Of course I am. I was just contemplating what to make for dinner."

Hannibal turned around but unfortunately the house still hadn't moved back to the place where it belonged and he ran into the doorframe again, this time with enough force to crash the wine glass between his body and the wood. The crunching sounds and the sting made him wince.

Stepping back with a swaying step he looked down at the blood covering his hands. Oh.

Suddenly Will was in his personal space, his hands gripping his wrist.

"Shit, Hannibal, how much did you have?!"

The warm hands on his skin had captured his complete concentration, so he didn't answer as Will guided him into the house and the kitchen to sit him down on a stool. Will looked concerned. It felt nice.

"Stay!"

Hannibal had no plans of disobeying as he watched Will hurry towards the bathroom to get the first aid kit. He looked back down and watched in fascination as the blood ran in rivulets down his wrist and dropped on his pants. He barely felt the sting.

Will had touched him. He could feel the small smile in his face. Even his cheeks felt numb with alcohol. Did he have that much? He couldn't remember the last time he'd been that drunk, if ever. He never liked the loss of control it brought.

Will came back to kneel in front of him and carefully looked for stray glass pieces while wiping off the blood.

"Stupid man," he murmured. "What were you thinking."

"I'm sorry. There wasn't much else to do today." He actually hadn't meant to say that. It would tell Will way too much about what was going on in his head.

He didn't reply though, just concentrated on cleaning his wounds and patching him up. When he was done, he stayed on his knees in front of him, still holding his hand, stroking over the back of his hand with his thumb.

"You could have come with me, you know. Or asked me to stay home, if you feel so alone."

Hannibal stared at the point where their skin connected and the feeling sent electric charges up his arm.

"You are happy with what you do. I didn't want to inflict my presence on you."

Will snorted.

"That never stopped you before."

"Things have changed," he murmured, forcing himself to stay as still as possible to give Will no reason to stop what he was doing.

"They have." Will looked up finally and their eyes met for the first time in weeks. "I'm sorry I left you alone like that. I needed to think about a great many things and I needed to do it without you in my head."

Hannibal tried to follow the words and decipher their meaning, but he shook his head after a while as it only caused him a slight headache.

"I don't know what you are saying."

Will's smile was so entirely fond and tender it made his lungs ache with the need to breathe.

"Breathe, Hannibal."

He did just that and then Will knelt up and his breath left him again in a rush as their mouths met.

It was just a short careful touch of soft warms lips, but Hannibal felt as if he was flying, his stomach doing the weirdest things. Will leaned away and Hannibal tried to follow, a quiet sound leaving his throat.

"It's okay. I'm here. I'm not going anywhere. We have all the time in the world."

A warm broad palm was placed on the side of his face and he leaned into it, closing his eyes.

He could never entirely predict Will and he never wanted to so he could keep surprising him in the best ways.

Hannibal opened his eyes and smiled.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!